THE ASCENT

AND

OTHER POEMS

ELIZABETH MILLS CROTHERS

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PS 3505 .R893 A8 1921

Crothers, Elizabeth Mills,
1882-1920.

The ascent

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, SACRAMENTO

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&
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ELIZABETH MILLS CROTHERS

Foreword by
DAVID STARR JORDAN

SAN FRANCISCO · CALIFORNIA
SUNSET PRESS
1921

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Mrs. W. H. Mills
1921

FOREWORD

THIS volume is a memorial of a short but most happy and beautiful life. It is made up of lyric poems written by a very gifted young woman for her own pleasure and that of her friends. They were as spontaneous as the songs of birds, and were put forth in the security of a happy home and with no thought of publication.

Elizabeth Mills Crothers, daughter of William H. Mills, associate and friend of Governor Stanford, and Elizabeth Haswell Mills of Sacramento, was born in Sacramento on January 20, 1882, and died at Stanford University August 18, 1920. She was prepared for college at Miss Sarah D. Hamlin's school in San Francisco, graduating in 1898, entered Vassar College for a time, soon transferring to the University of California where she took the degree of Bachelor of Arts in December, 1909. On March 23, 1911, she was married to George Edward Crothers of San Francisco, a member of the Pioneer Class (1895) of Stanford University, of which institution he was then a trustee and being soon afterward appointed judge of the Superior Court of California.

In her youth "Bessie" Mills was a peculiarly alert and happy child. According to the testimony of her friends, "she won pleasure from the beauty her eyes revealed about her." "Sunshine and exquisite joyousness abounded in that sweet spirit of hers." "A rare appealing and heartening personality." "She lived all her life in a world of her own creating. In childhood she played with imaginary children, sang improvised songs, sometimes so sad that she shed tears, often so joyous that she would laugh over her own conception." "She was fond of the pencil and often drew faces expressive of all the various emotions, love, fear, hate, and courage, delighting to portray creations of her own imagination."

In Miss Hamlin's school she did excellent work, especially in English, Latin and History. She was always ready with voice or pen in any of the school functions, "her speech always charming, her bearing most gracious."

French she had studied almost from childhood and she took pleasure in translations from the poets, showing a fine appreciation both of sentiment and of the social conditions in France. When she graduated her teachers were sure that "her beautiful character, her excellent training, her superior ability and her fine mental acquisitions, as well as her reverence for learning, foretold a valuable and useful life."

Her university record was one of accurate and discriminating scholarship, notably developed in very different fields under two sympathetic teachers. Of her work in English literature Professor Chauncey W. Wells writes:

"Elizabeth Mills was a member of my very first class in English in the University of California, 1901-'2, she being then, as I recollect, a sophomore. I still think the classes of that year the very finest of all the inspiring groups whom it has been my privilege to teach during these twenty years, and of that one class Miss Mills stands out in my memory, along with two or three others, as the ablest and, in point of responsiveness, the best of them all. I tried an experiment with them. Believing that writing and literary study should go hand-in-hand, I had turned to descriptive and narrative prose as the best basis for awakening interest and forming the taste for literature, and for training the powers of expression. I remember that we made a vigorous study of Stevenson's imaginative works, and I recall the eagerness with which the class read them, especially Miss Mills' vivid understanding that the author had a definite thing to say and a definite reason for saying it as he did. More than that, I remember how quickly she caught the imaginative stimulus and showed it in her own compositions. One day a professor from the University of Chicago happening to visit the classroom when the students were writing an impromptu exercise,

I turned over to him the batch of completed papers. He pitched upon Miss Mills' paper at once, saying after he had read it, 'You don't get many like that, I assume.' No, the paper was exceptional in sheer application of the principles I had been setting forth, as all her papers were. Blessedly free from the thing called temperament she could put her mind upon a problem of expression as she would upon a problem of knowledge, employing her whole intelligence.

"After her graduation she used sometimes to bring me her writings to read and criticize, or would consult me about certain of her projects. I was always aware that though she came quite genuinely for advice she kept her own guidance nor surrendered her opinion at the mere suggestion of her critic. One thing she tried hard to conceal but could not—her burning ambition to express herself, to be of some account in the intellectual world. She took her gift of writing for what it was, but she placed her reliance on her mind and her will. If she could not bring thought and interpretation into her pages she considered her labor wasted; she was unwilling to rest in the achievements of mere talent and literary grace. This spirit, I take it, she carried into all her activities, social and intellectual, and it is the loss of that spirit that makes the loss of Elizabeth Mills Crothers a real loss to this community and particularly to that circle of friends who were privileged to know intimately the aspirations and ideals of that fine young mind and heart."

Miss Mills' deepest interest proved finally to be scientific. Under Dr. John C. Merriam, she took up Vertebrate Paleontology, with special reference to the early history of man. As to this work, Doctor Merriam writes: "I remember your daughter and her relation to the work of our department in Berkeley with greatest pleasure. It was a great stimulus to me to have in my classes one who expressed such interest in his study and who showed such energy in prosecuting it."

On a visit to France in 1903, she made special trips to the localities which have yielded records of primitive man—thus

becoming an appreciated friend and correspondent of leading anthropologists of Paris, notably Emile Cartailhac.

At one time, in company with Doctor Merriam and others, Miss Mills went to Carson City, Nevada, to examine the "Giant Footprints" in a quarry near that city, relics which had then attracted considerable attention. Miss Mills supported the conclusion of Dr. Joseph LeConte that the "Puzzle Tracks" were by no means human but made by some giant species of sloth, *Mylodon* or *Morotherium*, and that they date from the later Pliocene. These footprints have a length of eighteen inches, and were made by some man or other animal, having a stride of two and one-fourth feet and a straddle of eighteen inches. The foot must have been plantigrade, but there is no trace of toes. Those who contended that the tracks were human figured a giant wearing wooden sandals of peculiar form.

Our young paleontologist compared carefully all records and opinions in regard to these traces and to aid her studies other strata were opened up for further inspection.

I have before me her report to Doctor Merriam, in itself a fine piece of scientific work, although as yet unpublished. In her judgment there was no doubt of the genuineness of the tracks which had been made in soft clay on the shallow shores of an extinct lake, the clays becoming afterwards hardened through the presence of hot alkaline silicious springs. Footprints of elephants (mammoth), horses, deer, wolves and birds, also occur. Ripple marks testify to the shallowness of the water and rain marks to its seasonal recession. The sheet of water was probably part of the extinct Shoshone Lake of Clarence King, separate from Lake Lahontan which then filled the Humboldt Valley.

Of this memoir, Doctor Merriam says: "I recall with vividness my journey to Carson City when with your daughter and Mr. Yerington's family we examined the fossil footprints at the Carson Prison Yard. I have often wished that your daughter's paper might have been published as it

was at that time the most advanced study in this field that had been made."

Under the inspiration of her studies of primitive man, Miss Mills composed a romance dealing with his loves and ambitions which those who have read it pronounce unique in its type of imaginative literature.

The poems which compose this volume were found among the papers left by Mrs. Crothers. They are a part of the natural overflow of a joyous but thoughtful nature, a spirit in which the author composed little dramas, and songs both for children and grown ups, original as to words and music. Six of these delightful songs have been published. These were sung by Madame Armand Cailleau, her instructor in vocal music, at a memorial meeting of the Century Club of San Francisco, on which occasion one of her single-act plays, "Fanny's Bright Idea" was charmingly presented.

In her final illness, her active mind was "never weary of work" and she rejoiced that as one after another of her powers were taken from her, she was still able to think and write. Death she did not fear, though she persistently clung to life because as she said there was so much for her to do.

That her memory may be kept green by her many friends, this little book has been compiled and set forth by a loving mother.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

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THE ASCENT

THE ASCENT

Youth is like a pleasant valley,
Blossom-strewn and orchard planted,
Where by sound of bird and river,
Scent of flower and sight of color,
All our senses are enchanted—
While we tarry, while we dally.

'Tis like looking from the valley,
Sunlight-bathed and soft wind blowing,
To the rocky steeps that glower
Dark beneath the storm clouds' shower.
'Tis a yearning to be going,
Though we tarry, though we dally.

But where closer thunders rumble,
In the mountains steep and darkling,
From the trail we may not loiter
Though our weary feet must falter.
Glimpse the plain in sunlight sparkling,
As we clamber, as we stumble!

There it lies far, far below us,
With white burgeonings all starry!
Quick! Let us return together!
Closed the path. 'Tis lost forever.
In that vale where strangers tarry
None would greet us, none would know us.

IN THE NIGHT

The Question

Great Lord who made this vast and ancient world
Which molten from the sun Thou lately hurled
Into the void, towards its appointed place,
Till lo, Thy calm hand stilled it as it whirled!

Great Mind which had long since devised the plan
By which Life's myriad pilgrimage began
To pass beneath the earth through time untold,
Till, in a space, Thou hadst created Man.

Man, but an apter brute, of stooping shorn,
Through long uncherished ages wild, forlorn,
Groping through baffling dark on towards the light,
Till near the dawn of Time his soul was born!

The ripening wheat-tops bend where zephyrs please,
Yet stolid stand the oaks before the breeze.
From small beginnings each these two began,
Yet why so weak the blade, so strong the trees?

I, Man, perceiving this diversity,
Have clamoured at Thy door, "Equality!"
'Tis but my bitter cry against Thee, mute,
Against the gloom of Thine infinity.

Rash Spirit, or whate'er Thou art, give heed!
Who vouched for you the power to do this deed—
To bless the ancient oak now waxing tall—
To cast a searing blight upon the weed?

IN THE NIGHT

The Answer

Poor anguished soul, look up into the sky,
See yonder distant star which glows so high.
There, too, each has his task, in that far world.
Between man's best and worst few paces lie.

That glimmering star can but to thee recall
That He is all that's vast; thou, atom small,
Shuddering, turn from Heaven's immensity,
And in thy soul know that He knoweth all.

And though some fleeter pass thee in the race,
And though some lag behind to slower pace,
Strew not thy path with thorns of blind complaint,
But look with trust to Him who fixed thy place.

ON THE WINDY SHORE

The white-walled town
And the little grey church on the windy shore
Stand lonely but firm by the sea.

A mile inland and high on the crown
Of the rolling, grassy, sand-strewn down,
The smiling streets of the white-walled town
Lie far from the dark and threatening frown
And the pitiless sweep of the sea.

When the ceaseless toil of the tidal flow
Has shattered and crumpled the sandstone foe,
The church on the rock will stand to the blow
While the weakened town in ruins will go
To the maw of the clamouring sea.

When the sun goes down and the long, long night
Of infinite time has followed the light,
The man who dared to suffer and fight
And die for the creeds he holds to be right
Will live in the heart of the sea.

THINGS THAT COUNT

Our hearts were growing faint, Oh Lord,
With quest of treasured hoard.
The beggar with a bitter heart
Was driven from our board.
And some were tried,
And others died,
Because of strife for things;
And there was talk of things that count,
Of power, and wealth and Kings.

And those who were of silver tongue
Yet of a sodden soul,
Called charity a fantasy
And riches man's best goal.
And blood was spilled,
And men were killed,
That centered power might thrive,
And there was talk of things that count,
In prison, street and dive.

The granite piles with gilt were spread,
My Lady opened purse
For costly gems and Venice lace,
And shuddered at the hearse.
And some were jeered,
And others cheered,
The cheered were knave and sleuth;
And there was talk of things that count,
And cynic's word was truth.

Oh, headlong enterprise of man,
Oh, stores of busy ants,
Dread fiends to which man sells his soul,
For which the coward recants!
For you man lied,
And vaunting pride
Was all you gave them back.
And there was talk of things that count,
Trusts, Loans and Prison-rack.

The lofty towers that vied with clouds
Are shattered to the dust;
My Lady, torn and starving, gives
The starving her last crust.
The golden crown
That girt the town
Is trampled to the sod.
Yet, there is talk of things that count,
Of Mercy, Love and God.

ARMISTICE DAY IN LONDON

(November 11, 1918)

And the bells pealed,
And all at once a silence fell
Upon the land, half human, half divine,
As if some magic bird, or fairy child
With magic wand, had passed from line to line
And stopped the hurrying feet and bowed in prayer the head,
For, as the last long dying echoes of the bell
Rolled out and then grew slowly dim,
A mighty nation to its Maker came,
And for a while in silence prayed of Him
To keep forever bright within their hearts the name
And memory of Britain's glorious dead.

MATTINATA

Awake, awake, the darkened lake
    Now bursts aflame from Phoebus' shaft!
Awake, awake, the woodland brake
    Bends 'neath the weight of fairy craft!
Before the note of lark or thrush,
    I crossed the somber forest's lawn
And felt the soft, expectant hush
    Which just precedes the crash of dawn.

The lark has throbbed his glad "Good morn,"
    But, ah, for me it is not day.
The poppies ope, still I, forlorn,
    Watch for the gold in twilight grey.
So wake, awake, and to my night
    Bear swift the radiance of thine eyes.
See, love, the fields are clothed with light,
    Yet I await till thou shalt rise.

Awake, my love, the sun has flung
    His million darts of spirit gold
To goad the earth's dull heart, now stung
    To new endeavors manifold.
Whilst thou wert sleeping in thy bower,
    I watched until the sun should rise;
But, though the dew gleams on each flower,
    I wait my morning from thine eyes.

IN THE DARK

It's dark, and misty forms are creeping,
Creeping round my bed.
I hear the clank of a ghostly tread,
Right overhead.
I hear the clank of ghostly chains,
Right overhead.

Why do things change so in the dark?
Why, oh, why does the watch dog bark?
What are the things that creak and creep?
Why, oh, why can't I go to sleep
Till morning comes again?

The sun will put them all to flight,
The ghosts will flee with darkest night,
And chairs will be chairs—
Not crouching bears—
When morning comes again.

It's morning, the clock has just struck six,
The floor is streaked with pink,
And the ghosts are gone in a wink,
And the birds in throng begin their song.
We are just at the daytime's brink.

Lovely light, I missed you so.
Why did you go away?
Why must there ever be the dark?
Why can't it all be day?
Why do I have to sleep at all?
Why can't I always play?

Lovely light, the night was drear,
Lovely light, I'm glad you are here,
For it's morning, it is morning,
And the day, the day is here.

THE HOLIDAY

The fields are aflame with the flowers of May,
The year's in its spring, it's the dawn of the day.
Come to the woods where the pansies grow,
Come to the fields where the bluebells blow,
Come with me wherever I go,
Over the country high and low!
It's gladdest weather,
Sing together,
Sing a roundelay,
For it's spring and a holiday.

Yesterday's clouds are now all gone, dear,
Leaving their diamonds on the lawn, dear,
For it's springtime,
Yes, it's springtime,
For it's spring and a holiday!

Let's go down where the tasseled corn
Is growing tall in the early morn.
They told us that we mustn't go there,
But half of the fun it is to dare,
So when I come home—well, I don't care
What they do to me,
So long as I've been free,
In the sun and the springtime air,
For it 's spring and a holiday!

So hasten away to the fields and the woods,
And banish straight off all your indolent moods.
There's more than enough to be done to-day, dear,
The world is eager for us to play, dear,
For it's springtime,
Yes, it's springtime,
For it's spring and a holiday!

SUMMER DAY

The sun 's in the sky,
My sweet meadow posies,
Woodpecker at his hewing,
Elves are at their brewing
Of rainbow dew
To shower on you,
And wake you up for me.

The field-lily's cap
Is studded with dew,
The tall morning glories
Are mantled in blue,
And the buttercup's scrubbed
By a good bumblebee.

The sun 's in the sky
So high,
My sweet meadow posies;
On guard Master Clover
The snowdrops watching over,
And, dropped from the skies,
Are smiling up at me,
Baby blue eyes.

Of linnets, robins, larks. Behold!
The prima donna is before us—
Dame Meadow Lark! (Now, Mr. Phlox,
Pray do sit down—the little Zinnias
Can't see at all. Look! In that box
Miss Orchid and the two Gardenias!)
And now the ballet—butterflies
And dragon-flies and moths are dancing—
They leap up to the very "flies,"
Their grace and costumes are entrancing.
The book's by Puck—the score's by Pan.
Do come again. Each day at seven.
(A violet's fainted! Bring a fan
Or woodland dew!) The rosy Heaven
Of Eventide! The crickets beat
A grand finale. The opera's done.
The flowers nod thanks—"A splendid treat
Dear Misses Summer, Shower and Sun."

THE RADICAL

A bat once in a lonely tower
Bemoaned the happier fate of bees.
"Would I might plunder honeyed flower
And sail the sunlit summer breeze."
He sighed, then swiftly sweeping down
To where the prowlers of the night,
In marshy meadows far from town,
Held congress 'neath the pale moon's light.
"Dear friends," he cried, "it's hardly fair
That we should be condemned to rove
In darkling night and chilling air
The dreary field, the silent grove,
While day's bright winged flocks rejoice
In blushing flower and sparkling dew.
To deepest discontent give voice—
These joys should be denied to you!
So let us vote the garden dry—
Impose a fine on any bee
Caught sipping honey. (Butterflies
And humming-bird mark this decree!)
Do you agree?" "It is a vote!"
The prowlers answered. So next day
When robins woke and from each throat
Sweet cadence poured and roundelay,
When poppies spread their golden sails,
And bees rubbed pollen from their eyes,

When larks and dragon-flies and snails
    All sallied forth—A great surprise!
On honeysuckle's door a lock!
    The jasmine barred by spider thread!
And closed was every hollyhock!
    Bewildered bees flew overhead!
Then called a bird-note clear and loud,
    And butterflies and birds and bees
Rose, like an iridescent cloud,
    And sailed away above the trees
To hills where blew a gentle wind
    And roses bloomed on every side.
But, oh, the flowers they left behind
    In silent gardens drooped and died.

A LOVE SONG

The young moon is white,
But the willows are blue;
Your small lips are red,
But the clouds are grey;
The waves are so many
That whisper to you;
But my love is only
One flight of spray.

The bright drops are many,
The dark wave is one;
The dark wave subsides
And the bright sea remains!
And wherever, O singing
Maid, you may run,
You are one with the world
For all your pains.

Though the great skies are dark
And your small feet are white;
Though your wide eyes are blue,
And the closed poppy red;
Though the kisses are many
That color the night,
They are linked like pearls
On one golden thread.

Were the grey clouds not made
For the red of your mouth;
The ages for flight
Of the butterfly years;
The sweet of the peach
For the pale lips of drouth;
The sunlight of smiles
For the shadow of tears?

Love, love is the thread
That has pierced them with bliss!
All their hues are but notes
In one world-wide tune.
Lips, willows and waves,
We are one as we kiss,
And your face and the flowers
Faint away in the moon.

A SUMMER LOVE SONG

The woodbine never loved the summer show'r
As I love you;
The robin never loved the opening flower,
Or grass the dew;
The ivy never loved the spreading trees
Or sun the rue;
Storm wind never loved the billow,
Breezes never loved the willow,
Heather never loved the breeze
As I love you.

So what if showers forsake the sweet woodbine,
Still I love you;
And fickle robins leave the flower to pine,
Soaring high in blue.
My love wanes not with seasons
But abides forever true.

OVER THE HILLS

Over the hills my lass went straying,
Garlands to gather for her Maying.
O where the daisies, O where the rose,
O where the lily's first flower blows.

She knew a spot where should be unfurling
The earliest flags of petals curling.
So swiftly she ran and breathless she knelt
To gather the blossoms for her belt.

But the breezes were around her playing,
Clouds the springtime skies were greying,
In the valleys that she knew
Never a flag or a buttercup grew.

So I found her sad and weeping,
Down among the lilies sleeping.
"Why weep for a daisy," I cried, "or a rose,
When you are the sweetest flower that blows."

THROUGH WOODLAND STRAYING

(A Song)

Ah, if to-day through woodland straying,
You and I again were maying,
Space, and all our love has fettered,
Vanished as oft in my fancy's playing.

Then, if one day we were to borrow
From Life's full count of longing and sorrow,
To meet at last, in peace, hands clasping,
Life would be death to us, dear, to-morrow—
To-morrow.

WAKE, LITTLE FLOWERS

Wake, little flowers,
Open your eyes,
The beautiful dawn draws near.
Spread your petals to rosy skies;
Dawn is fleeting,
Nod your greeting,
Awake, for the dawn is here.
Wake, awake, awake.

Wake, little flowers,
Joy to impart,
Wake, for the day's begun.
Pansies sweet for the sad of heart,
Violets blue all steeped in dew,
Lilies and roses,
Dear little posies,
Awake to greet the sun;
Wake, awake, awake.

A LITTLE BIRD

A little bird in yonder tree
Is singing with one eye on me.

He looks so cute that I am typing
An ode to his melifluous piping.

His name? I cannot jot it down,
I left my bird-books all in town.

So what the name of bird or tree
Can never proven be by me.

But I can vouch without digression
They both create a good impression.

Of nightingales and larks and thrushes
The bona-fide poet gushes.

I am no poet, Heaven knows,
So I suspect he's none of those.

His wings are black, his breast is yellow,
Perhaps you recognize the fellow.

It may not be the proper thing,
In poems, thus his praise to sing.

This is no poem (as you say)
So I can praise him anyway.

I only know the song he sings
Can make me dream the nicest things.

OH, WHERE'S THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL

Oh, where's the cottage on the hill,
The path that ran through clover,
The mossy stones across the rill,
The mill-pond running over?

The moon that shone on almond trees,
And snowy petals falling,
Your voice that carried down the breeze
A last "good night" still calling?

Alas, the cottage on the hill,
The path that ran through clover
Are gone. And journey where I will
There's none the whole world over.

My heart beneath the petals lies,
Where almond bloom is falling;
I only have to close my eyes
To hear your voice still calling.

UNDER THE BRIDGE

CHILD'S SONG

Oh, Heigh-O, come under, come under,
Under the bridge am I!
With the sands of the bank,
A fortress dank
I've builded with walls so high.
Heigh-O, come under, come under,
The world in my fort I defy—
The pussy-willows make forest naves,
The rushing river's the ocean waves,
And there's life and strife and a battle cry,
When under the bridge am I!

But if you don't like war and fights,
My nooket offers rare delights,
The fortress now no more defies
It's only dough for making pies,
And you can wade here in the shade,
And catch the pretty dragon-flies!

Heigh-O, come under, come under,
A warrior Greek am I.
On Attic strand
Full-armored I stand
And sing to the Gods on high.
Heigh-O, the thunder, the thunder,
Of the wagons as they pass by,
Is the thunder of Jove and the dust you see
Is the God in love with Danae,
And life is rife and joy runs high,
When under the bridge am I!

THE OLD ATTIC STAIR

The spiders weave their webs about the attic,
The dust lies thick upon the ancient floor.
Alone I sit on the top step of the stairway,
'Mid grim old things of a time that is no more.
Scabbards rusty, garments musty,
Speak of a race gone long before.
On the old attic stair,
On the old attic stair!
Ah, Time forgets to hasten
When I'm sitting, dreaming there,
On the old attic stair!

There's a doll of wax with a funny sawdust body,
And the pin-pricks tell of the dresses that she wore.
There's a broken drum and a real old army sabre,
And an old blue coat behind the closet door.
Kin departed, kin strong-hearted!
Men of my race who are no more!
On the old attic stair,
On the old attic stair!
Ah, Time forgets to hasten
When I'm sitting, dreaming, there.
On the old attic stair!

SING CHONG

Oh, you should know our cook, Sing Chong!
He works an' sings the whole day long—

He doesn't find me in the way;
He never scolds, but lets me play

With dough-ends from the biscuit rings,
An' laughs, an' laughs, an' sings an' sings!

There's really no one like Sing Chong,
Though Dad says his religion's wrong;

What do I care, so long as he
Leaves batter in the pan for me?

Dad says his tunes are on one string,
But I really like to hear Chong sing.

Somehow, life isn't hard for Chong—
He's happy an' well an' big an' strong;

He's not tempted by sugar an' spice,
But just sits down to a bowl of rice.

He doesn't have to wear collars an' things,
His clothes are loose, so no wonder he sings.

Sometimes a boy comes to see our Chong;
He's about my size, an' his name is Wong;

His folks are dead, so Chong gives him food—
Now don't you think that he is good?

When I know that, it sorter stings,
When folks make fun of the way he sings.

So what do I care if they say that Chong's
A "peril"—a heathen—an' belongs to tongs?

When it's rainin' outside an' nobody's in,
He lets me play with the flour in the bin.

Some cooks get cross if a little boy swings
On the pantry door, but Chong—he just sings!

PIGEON ENGLISH

Where the beeches shade the pasture gate,
When nights grow short and days grow long,
The wood-dove woos his modest mate,
And this is all his wooing song:
"Curr-a-hoo, curr-a-hoo!
You love me and I love you."

But wedded love is full of care.
Through all the sunny afternoon
They vainly strive, that shiftless pair,
To build a nest, while thus they croon:
"Coo-pe-coo! Coo-pe-coo!
Two sticks across and a bit of moss,
And that will have to do, to do!"

When last I wandered down the lane,
The little mother, all intent
To feed her greedy nestlings twain,
Was pouring forth this sad lament:
"Coo-a-roo! What shall I do?
I cannot feed my hungry two,
Though the little red wren
Can bring up ten
And rear them all like gentlemen!"

IF I COULD FLY

If I could, like the swallows, fly,
Over the trees,
Over the seas,
Down the breeze,
Hi, tra la, la, la, tra la, la, la!
I'd fly!

On snowy wings I'd sweep the sky,
And maybe, too,
Right over you,
In the great, big blue,
Hi, tra la, la, la, tra la, la, la!
I'll fly!

But when I fly on the tempest's gale
I would no shipwrecks see,
And when I fly o'er the city's roofs,
I hope there won't be
People quarreling and people starved,
Mothers grave and sad,
But I suppose that'll never be
Long as us girls are bad.

So if I e'er like the swallows fly;
Guess it will be by-and-by.

A GOOD LITTLE BOY

Good little boys wear stockings and shoes—
Even when they play in the sands—
And good little boys come in at five,
To wash their faces and hands.

A good little boy never teases the cat
Or finds out what's in his toy,
And never puts salt in Grandmamma's tea,
So I guess I'm a bad little boy.

SLEEP, DOLLIE DEAR

Sleep, sleep, my dollie dear,
See, mother's watching near.
If in the night
You take a fright,
Just call to me, love,
Mother's always here.

Dollie, dollie, the winds are storming,
So sleep, love, and deep, love,
Till the break of morning.
Dollie, dollie, the fire is dying,
Close your waxen peepers, love,
And don't you fear!

The nursery walls are aglow,
As the fire on the hearth burns low,
But when it is out
And darkness about,
I'll be here
Just the same, dollie dear!

Dollie, dollie, the winds are storming,
So sleep, love, and deep, love,
Till the break of morning.
Dollie, dollie, the fire is dying,
Close your waxen peepers, love,
And don't you fear!

BYE-LOW, BYE-LOW

(Lullaby)

Bye-low, bye-low, the boat is on the tide,
Bye-low, bye-low, sails are spreading wide,
Baby mine all tucked in tight
Is drifting out to sea.
Dark the sky and dark the waves,
Dark the silent lea.
Drifting out on mirrored stars
To lands beyond our ken,
Drifting till the star sea fades
To the blue again.

Bye-low, bye-low, the boat is bearing down,
Bye-low, bye-low, on the shores of dreaming town.
The mead is spread with poppy-cups
And dew-drops flashing fire;
Butterflies of blue and gold
On wings that never tire,
Poise, then rise to where in light
The meadow lark adores
Straying babe in sleepy land
On fragrant sunlit shores.

Bye-low, bye-low, in the land of rainbow dreams,
Bye-low, bye-low, till rosy morning gleams;
Then, baby mine, come o'er the sea
To harbor safe at home,
Sailing while the mirrored stars
Fade in the azure dome.
Bye-low, bye-low, bye-low, bye.

WHEN I'M GROWN UP

When I'm grown up, my dollie,
I'll love you, you just see.
Big folks say
They used to play
With dollies just like me;
But I could never leave you,
And Puss, and Spot, and Gay—
What would be left for me
If I put you away?

I don't believe my elders
Loved dollies as I do;
But maybe I,
Bye-and-bye,
Will be an elder, too;
But if grown up or not, dear,
I know I'll never change—
That, sweetheart, we could part,
Seems to me quite strange!

Ah, where is the border to childhood land
And how shall I know when it's passed?
And will they let me come back again—
Back to you dear at last?